AUM

When there was neither day nor night, neither earth or sky, neither light nor darkness; when there was nothing that could be seen or felt by the physical senses or the faculties of the mind, there existed the One Great Being—God.—*Vishnu Purana.*

Resignation; the action of rendering good for evil; temperance; probity; purity; repression of the senses; knowledge of holy books, and of the Supreme Soul; truthfulness, and abstaining from anger; such are the ten virtues in which consists duty. * * Those who study these ten precepts of duty, and after having studied them conform their lives thereto, will reach to the Supreme Condition.—*Manu, Book* vi, *sloka* 92.

THE PATH.

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"The Theosophical Mahatmas."

It is with sincere and profound regret—though with no surprise, prepared as I am for years for such declarations—that I have read in the Rochester *Occult Word*, edited by Mrs. J. Cables, the devoted president of the T. S. of that place, her joint editorial with Mr. W. T. Brown. This sudden revulsion of feeling is perhaps quite natural in the lady, for she has never had the opportunities given her as Mr. Brown has; and her feeling when she writes that after "a great desire * * to be put into communication with the Theosophical Mahatmas we (they) have come to the conclusion that it is useless to strain the psychical eyes toward the Himalayas * * " is undeniably shared by many theosophists. Whether the complaints are justified, and also whether it is the " Mahatmas " or theosophists themselves who are to blame for it is a question that remains to be settled. It has been a pending case for several years and will have to be now decided, as the two complainants declare over their signatures that " we (they) need

not run after Oriental Mystics, *who deny their ability to help us.*" The last sentence, in italics, has to be seriously examined. I ask the privilege to make a few remarks thereon.

To begin with, the tone of the whole article is that of a true *manifesto.* Condensed and weeded of its exuberance of Biblical expressions it comes to this paraphrastical declaration: " We have knocked at their door, and they have not answered us; we have prayed for bread, they have denied us even a stone." The charge is quite serious; nevertheless, that it is neither just nor fair—is what I propose to show.

As I was the first in the United States to bring the existence of our Masters into publicity; and, having exposed the holy names of two members of a Brotherhood hitherto unknown to Europe and America, (save to a few mystics and Initiates of every age) yet sacred and revered throughout the East, and especially India, causing vulgar speculation and curiosity to grow around those blessed names, and finally leading to a public rebuke, I believe it my duty to contradict the fitness of the latter by explaining the whole situation, as I feel myself the chief culprit. It may do good to some, perchance, and will interest some others.

Let no one think withal, that I come out as a champion or a defender of those who most assuredly need no defense. What I intend, is to present simple *facts*, and let after this the situation be judged on its own merits. To the plain statement of our brothers and sisters that they have been "living on husks," "hunting after strange gods" without receiving admittance, I would ask in my turn, as plainly: " Are you sure of having knocked at the right door? Do you feel certain that you have not lost your way by *stopping so often on your journey at strange doors, behind which lie in wait the fiercest enemies of those you were searching for?*" Our MASTERS are not "a jealous god;" they are simply holy mortals, nevertheless, however, higher than any in this world, morally, intellectually and spiritually. However holy and advanced in the science of the Mysteries—they are still men, members of a Brotherhood, who are the first in it to show themselves subservient to its time-honored laws and rules. And one of the first rules in it demands that those who start on their journey *Eastward*, as candidates to the notice and favors of those who are the custodians of those Mysteries, should proceed by the straight road, without stopping on every sideway and path, seeking to join other " Masters " and professors often of the Left-Hand Science, that they should have confidence and show trust and patience, besides several other conditions to fulfill. Failing in all of this from first to last, what right has any man or woman to complain of the liability of the Masters to help them?

Truly " 'The Dwellers of the threshold' are within!"

Once that a theosophist would become a candidate for either *chelaship*

or favours, he must be aware of the mutual pledge, tacitly, if not formally offered and accepted between the two parties, and, *that such a pledge is sacred.* It is a bond of *seven* years of probation. If during that time, notwithstanding the many human shortcomings and mistakes of the candidate (save two which it is needless to specify in print) he remains throughout every temptation *true to the chosen Master*, or Masters, (in the case of *lay* candidates), and as faithful to the Society founded at their wish and under their orders, then the theosophist will be initiated into———thenceforward allowed to communicate with his *guru* unreservedly, all his failings, save this one, as specified, may be overlooked: they belong to his future *Karma*, but are left for the present, to the discretion and judgment of the Master. He alone has the power of judging whether even during those long seven years the *chela* will be favoured regardless of his mistakes and sins, with occasional communications with, and from the guru. The latter thoroughly posted as to the causes and motives that led the candidate into sins of omission and commission is the only one to judge of the advisability or inadvisability of bestowing encouragement; as he alone is entitled to it, seeing that he is himself under the inexorable law of Karma, which no one from the Zulu savage up to the highest archangel can avoid—and that he has to assume the great responsibility of the causes created by himself.

Thus, the chief and the only indispensable condition required in the candidate or chela on probation, is simply unswerving fidelity to the chosen Master and his purposes. This is a condition *sine qua non;* not as I have said, on account of any jealous feeling, but simply because *the magnetic rapport between the two once broken, it becomes at each time doubly difficult to re-establish it again;* and that it is neither just nor fair, that the Masters should strain their powers for those whose future course and final desertion they very often can plainly foresee. Yet, how many of those, who, expecting as I would call it "favours by anticipation," and being disappointed, instead of humbly repeating *mea culpa*, tax the Masters with selfishness and injustice. They will deliberately break the thread of connection ten times in one year, and yet expect each time to be taken back on the old lines! I know of one theosophist—let him be nameless though it is hoped he will recognize himself—a quiet, intelligent young gentleman, a mystic by nature, who, in his ill advised enthusiasm and impatience, changed *Masters* and his ideas about half a dozen times in less than three years. First he offered himself, was accepted on probation and took the vow of chelaship; about a year later, he suddenly got the idea of getting married, though he had several proofs of the corporeal presence of his Master, and had several favours bestowed upon him. Projects of marriage failing, he sought "Masters" under other climes, and became an enthusiastic Rosicrucian; then he returned to theosophy as a Christian mystic; then again sought to enliven his austerities with

a wife; then gave up the idea and turned a spiritualist. And now having applied once more "to be taken back as a chela" (I have his letter) and his Master remaining silent—he renounced him altogether, to seek in the words of the above manifesto—his old "Essenian Master and *to test the spirits* in his name."

The able and respected editor of the "Occult Word" and her Secretary are right, and have chosen the only true path in which with a very small dose of blind faith, they are sure to encounter no deceptions or disappointments. "It is pleasant for some of us," they say, "to obey the call of the 'Man of Sorrows' who will not turn any away, because they are unworthy or have not scored up a certain percentage of personal merit." How *do* they know? unless they accept the cynically awful and pernicious dogma of the Protestant Church, that teaches the forgiveness of the blackest crime, provided the murderer *believes sincerely* that the blood of his "Redeemer" has saved him at the last hour — what is it but *blind* unphilosophical faith? Emotionalism is *not* philosophy; and Buddha devoted his long self sacrificing life to tear people away precisely from that *evil breeding* superstition. Why speak of Buddha then, in the same breath? The doctrine of salvation by *personal* merit, and *self* forgetfulness is the corner-stone of the teaching of the Lord Buddha. Both the writers may have and very likely they did — "hunt after *strange* gods;" but these *were not our* MASTERS. They have "denied Him thrice" and now propose "with bleeding feet and prostrate spirit" to "pray that He (Jesus) may take us (them) once more under his wing," etc. The "Nazarene Master" is sure to oblige them so far. Still they will be "living on "*husks*" *plus* "blind faith." But in this they are the best judges, and no one has a right to meddle with their private beliefs in our Society; and heaven grant that they should not in their fresh disappointment turn our bitterest enemies one day.

Yet, to those Theosophists, who are displeased with the Society in general, no one has ever made to you any rash promises; least of all, has either the Society or its founders ever offered their "Masters" as a *chromo-premium* to the best behaved. For years every new member has been told that *he was promised nothing*, but had everything to expect only from his own personal merit. The theosophist is left free and untrammeled in his actions. Whenever displeased — *alia tentanda via est* — no harm in trying elsewhere; unless, indeed one has offered himself and is decided to win the Masters' favors. To such especially, I now address myself and ask: Have you fulfilled *your* obligations and pledges? Have you, who would fain lay all the blame on the Society and the Masters — the latter the embodiment of charity, tolerence, justice and universal love — have you *led the life* requisite, and the conditions required from one who becomes a candidate? Let him who feels in his heart and conscience that he has, — that he has never once failed ser-

iously, never doubted his Master's wisdom, never sought *other* Master or Masters in his impatience to become an Occultist with powers; and that he has never betrayed his theosophical duty in thought or deed,—let him, I say, rise and *protest.* He can do so fearlessly; there is no penalty attached to it, and he will not even receive a reproach, let alone be excluded from the Society—the broadest and most liberal in its views, the most Catholic of all the Societies known or unknown. I am afraid my invitation will remain unanswered. During the eleven years of the existence of the Theosphical Society I have known, out of the seventy-two regularly accepted chelas on probation and the hundreds of *lay* candidates—only *three* who have not hitherto failed, and *one only* who had a full success. No one forces any one into chelaship; no promises are uttered, none except the mutual pledge between Master and the would-be-chela. Verily, Verily, many are the called but few are chosen—or rather few who have the patience of going to the bitter end, if bitter we can call simple perseverance and singleness of purpose. And what about the Society, in general, outside of India. Who among the many thousands of members does *lead the life?* shall any one say because he is a strict vegetarian—*elephants and cows are that*—or happens to lead a celibate life, after a stormy youth in the opposite direction; or because he studies the *Bhagavat-Gita* or the "Yoga philosophy" *upside down,* that he is a theosophist *according to the Master's hearts?* As it is not the cowl that makes the monk, so, no long hair with a poetical vacancy on the brow are sufficient to make of one a faithful follower of *divine* Wisdom. Look around you, and behold our UNIVERSAL Brotherhood so called! The Society founded to remedy the glaring evils of christianity, to shun bigotry and intolerance, *cant* and superstition and to cultivate real universal love extending even to the dumb brute, what has it become in Europe and America in these eleven years of trial? In one thing only we have succeeded to be considered higher than our Christian Brothers, who, according to Lawrence Oliphant's graphic expression "Kill one another for Brotherhood's sake and fight as devils for the love of God"—and this is that we have made away *with every dogma* and are now justly and wisely trying to make away with the last vestige of even nominal authority. But in every other respect we are as bad as they are: backbiting, slander, uncharitableness, criticism, incessant war-cry and ding of mutual rebukes that Christian Hell itself might be proud of! And all this, I suppose is the Masters' fault: THEY will not help those who help others on the way of salvation and liberation from selfishness—with kicks and scandals? Truly *we are* an example to the world, and fit companions for the holy ascetics of the snowy Range!

And now a few words more before I close. I will be asked: "And who are you to find fault with us? Are you, who claim nevertheless, com-

munion with the Masters and receive daily favors from Them; Are you so holy, faultless, and so worthy ?" To this I answer: I AM NOT. Imperfect and faulty is my nature; many and glaring are my shortcomings—and for this my Karma is heavier than that of any other Theosophist. *It is*—and must be so—since for so many years I stand set in the pillory, a target for my enemies and some friends also. Yet I accept the *trial* cheerfully. Why? Because I know that I have, all my faults nothwithstanding, Master's protection extended over me. And if I have it, the reason for it is simply this: for thirty-five years and more, ever since 1851 that I saw any Master *bodily* and personally for the first time, *I have never once denied or even doubted Him*, not even in thought. Never a reproach or a murmur against Him has escaped my lips, or entered even my brain for one instant under the heaviest trials. From the first I knew what I had to expect, for I was told that, which I have never ceased repeating to others: as soon as one steps on the Path leading to the *Ashrum* of the blessed Masters—the last and only custodians of primitive Wisdom and Truth—his Karma, instead of having to be distributed throughout his long life, falls upon him in a block and crushes him with its whole weight. He who believes in what he professes and in his Master, will stand it and come out of the trial victorious ; he *who doubts*, the coward who fears to receive his just dues and tries to avoid justice being done—FAILS. He will not escape Karma just the same, but he will only lose that for which he has risked its untimely visits. This is why having been so constantly, so mercilessly slashed by my Karma using my enemies as unconscious weapons, that I have stood it all. I felt sure that Master would not permit that I should perish ; that he would always appear at the *eleventh* hour—*and so he did.* Three times I was saved from death by Him, the last time almost against my will ; when I went again into the cold, wicked world out of love for Him, who has taught me what I know and made me what I am. Therefore, I do His work and bidding, and this is what has given me the lion's strength to support shocks —physical and mental, one of which would have killed any theosophist who would go on doubting of the mighty protection. Unswerving devotion to Him who embodies the duty traced for me, and belief in the Wisdom—collectively, of that grand, mysterious, yet actual Brotherhood of holy men—is my only merit, and the cause of my success in Occult philosophy. And now repeating after the *Paraguru*—my Master's MASTER—the words He had sent as a message to those who wanted to make of the Society a " miracle club " instead of a Brotherhood of Peace, Love and mutual assistance—" Perish rather, the Theosophical Society and its hapless Founders," I say perish their twelve years' labour and their very lives rather than that I should see what I do to-day : theosophists, outvying political " rings " in their search for personal power and authority ; theosophists slandering and criti-

cizing each other as two rival Christian sects might do; finally theosophists refusing to *lead the life* and then criticizing and throwing slurs on the grandest and noblest of men, because tied by their wise laws—hoary with age and based on an experience of human nature milleniums old—those Masters refuse to interfere with Karma and to play second fiddle to every theosophist who calls upon Them and whether he deserves it or not.

Unless radical reforms in our American and European Societies are speedily resorted to—I fear that before long there will remain but one centre of Theosophical Societies and Theosophy in the whole world—namely, in India; on that country I call all the blessings of my heart. All my love and aspirations belong to my beloved brothers, the Sons of old Aryavarta—the Motherland of my MASTER.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

LINES FROM LOWER LEVELS.

Many will turn from this heading. Whether they really live upon the upper levels or only imagine such to be their dwellings, these words are probably mute to them. A laggard in the great race, one who has only just rounded the starting buoy in stress of weather, here signals to his unseen companions amid heavy seas. If a score of blind men, turned loose to beat the city's by-ways, should meet and compare mischances, some light would presently dawn among them. We are not isolated in spiritual experience. Though Falsehood wears myriad masks, when Truth looks in, she turns the same face on all.

It is of the beginning of the Way that I speak. Confusions and perplexities beset us. Most of these are of our own conjuring. The insidious canker of Doubt is first, is worst of all. Better stop right where you are for a lifetime than advance with this moral leprosy unexterminated. It will spread through future existences until it has eaten the heart to the core. Now it is in our power. Wrestle boldly with every doubt until you have converted it to a certainty; thus you force it to bless you in departing, as Jacob did the Angel. Why should we doubt? The day on which I first heard of the Wisdom-Religion is for me set apart like a potent jewel in the crest of Time. My thought salutes its messengers with the grand old words,—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth Peace." The Peace of this religion is the proof absolute of its Wisdom. Our vitality is exhausted with the life struggle; it seems a dead pull against the current. Reason tells us we ought to be able to move with the stream. Man has a false idea of his own requirements; this is why possession satiates all. We are ignorant that the

desire for Unity lies hidden in the deeps of every human heart. This is the Truth at the bottom of the well; it is the basic need of all mankind. Recognise it, and you may sweep unwearied along the resistless current of evolutionary progress. We begin to realize the inability of existing creeds to sound and explain our Being. Every one of us craves a belief which shall not be a formula, but Life itself, which shall develop and complete the constituency of lives.

Our religions violate the golden rule of Architecture,—"Ornament construction; do not construct ornamentation." Their slight framework is florid with theological detail, garlanded with the varying ideals of centuries. Not so does the Master Builder plan. Yet the keystone of each arch is the Truth manifest in the Past, that Truth which still bears witness to Divinity to the new Age.

When men meet their belief in every department of life, when it assists them on every plane, so that they eat better, sleep better, love better, create better and die better by it, then will it be a vital law to them, not a garment to be laid aside on work days. Theosophy does all this. It informs every deed, makes of each fact a new revelation, and testifies to more religion in one chapter of Natural Philosophy, than in all the sermons of next Sunday. Study these grand similitudes and we find how single is Truth, so that the three great laws of Motion are also those of Emotion, and Newton spoke for my heart, as well as for the universe. All life is thus related; if you doubt the validity of theory or action, test them by this law of correspondence.

Do I revolt from the rule of gentle procedure in the teeth of wrath or abuse. I recall the axiom of mechanics,—"Motion seeks the line of least resistance,"—and my moral force proves itself perpetual motion by its avoidances of friction. *Truth is the same in every part.* You shall pass every beam of thought through this prism; if it is a pure ray each component will have its distinct value on its own plane, and all will blend again to Light.

Sometimes we are chilled as by a sense of isolation from the main body of our kind. This is imaginary; you shall not think we are few, or stand alone. Even now the thoughtful listener hears the soughing of the rising flood of Public Opinion. This was the mainstay of Science in her late tilt with the Church. The People, weary of barren Theology demanded in facts, in laws, the manifestation of the Divine. Now it begins to call Science to account for her limitations. Do we doubt the bubbling interest in Psychology? We should scan our newspapers, novels, magazines, boudoir gossip even, to feel the pulse of the general tide. Science yields so far to the pressure as to explain why she cannot or does not make thorough and sustained psychical investigations, and with a blunt,—

"so much the worse for you," the public turns expectantly to the broader or younger men who better gauge the tendency of our time.

This tendency is to coöperation, to unification. Science and Religion are one, are Truth, and blindness is the portion of those who dismember her kingdom. A pertinent case is that of a physician well known to New York clinics who used his mesmeric power in putting patients to sleep in the presence of his students and maintaining their complete unconciousness during painful operations, thus carried to successful conclusions without the dangerous drawback of anesthetics. Less gifted confreres frowned down the "irregularity." This is a thinking Age, and men are losing confidence in the judgment of scientists whose biased attitude would bar them from jury service in the pettiest court of the land.

Again there are those who are tried by the mistakes, the treachery, or the public misunderstanding of other adherents of Theosophy. What does it matter? The world swung on while Galileo recanted, and though a disciple betrayed his Master, the Christian world still kneels. Our noblest opponents are often unconscious Theosophists, judging them by their fervid search for Truth. When *their hour* strikes, they will find her; meanwhile Wisdom needs no converts. Man passes; *Truth is*, and needs no concern of ours. Do not think either that the Wisdom-Religion is only for the strong or the intellectual; it is for all. Food is meant to sustain life, and Love to develop it, but excess in either may kill. So those whose nature is morbid, exaggerate the aspect of Truth and go mad of their own phantasms. Every Science, every Art, every Religion has its list of these moral suicides and those who confront you with it are like the old nurses who scare children from the jam closet with "bogies."

I said that we breed our own perplexities. Take the first day of the new life, when with fledgeling resolves aflutter we come glowing and resolute down the stairs. We had ordered a spartan meal which Love has spared us. Frowning, we order the dainties away and sit reflecting on the encumbrances of earthly affection; wounded, it leaves our side. Our plain food comes; it is ill cooked and the retarded servant has a scowl which we resent: the household jangles and jars. The meal has not refreshed us, and the lack of the soothing but condemned cigar brings our irritability to a head. We hasten to lock ourselves into the study for meditation; but a bird sings in at the window, and Love's voice pleads at the door. We shut out the song and chide the syren. Why is our heart so heavy now when bent on eternal things? Knocking! We open with a martyr face. A friend is there, a dogged churchman; his salvation is in our hands! He chats of the weather, our club, state politics. We broach a higher theme, we denounce, cut and thrust, argue. Surprised he listens in courteous silence, and as he leaves us we remember too late that he too cherishes his religion,

we curse the follies of the wretched day and call Theosophy for the nonce "impracticable." Brothers! the man of creeds who can hear our dogmatism with self control is perhaps nearer the Essential than we are. He who plunges into restraints which unhinge and irritate him is no better than the man who loses his reason through drink. Both lack moderation, the result is the same, and we have only to do with results. Devote your thoughts to ascetic meals, and no Lucullus of the town is more prostrate before his viands than yourself. Moderation declares the sage. Accept all that comes with equal content, the thought held high above all. When the daily functions are fulfilled I have done nothing; the soul is no participant in these. Advance towards the Eternal and the Transient will imperceptibly drop away from you. No shirking of the duties of our position avails. *Comrades! The battle field is there where the long roll finds you standing.* Your past acts enlisted you under just that flag; fight it out there! The universal charge is carried through the vigor of individuals, each acting from his own headcentre and not from that of another. "The duties of a man's own particular calling, although not free from faults, is far preferable to the duty of another, let it be ever so well pursued."[1] On this plane we are a body militant; on the next plane we shall transform this activity, but as long as individuality exists, it would seem that each must move in an orbit of his own. There is as much egotism in snatching at the burden not meant for us, as in refusing that which is. Do all necessary acts promptly and with your best ability, abandoning at once all care for the result. Do you say this is not Theosophy? You mistake. True Theosophy is everything that elevates or aids mankind, were it but the singing of a ballad to lighten another's toil. "It is not that you must rush madly or boldly out *to do, to do.* Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying out anything but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice, that another had been so fortunate as to make such a meritorious Karma. Thus like the rivers running into the unswelling passive ocean, will your desires enter into your heart." Drop this concern for ephemera and forms; heed essentials only. Get to the centre of every vital fact and live there as at the heart of an opal, darting forth prismatic rays of Love and Faith upon all created things.

If we set out upon a journey to lands unknown, we should observe the inhabitants, gathering the spirit of their laws from their manners, ourselves courteous yet cautious with all. So in this passage to the unseen, that which is essential is the spirit of things. What affair is it of mine if this man glows with gratified desire, or that woman shines in undue laces and

1. Bagavad-Gita.

coquetries? Do I know the principles of their constitution? Can I vouch that these errors are not the mere husk of habit, which dropping off may reveal a larger kernel of Virtue than I possess? Nor will I hastily become the spiritual bondsman of him who stands above me. He has not exhausted the sum of Truth; to-morrow I shall find a fraction of my own. All these finical distinctions are not of the Eternal. The substratum of all things is Wisdom. The twist of Failure has its strands of silver. The pratings of the fool dissuade men from folly. I have never done anything of myself: a clarion impulse commands my best deeds; high thoughts radiate to me from I know not what sphere. Ask yourself before friend or foe,—"How does the spirit manifest in him?" For above and below it manifests equally. The undeviating brute, true to its every principle, has a volume of teaching for us. We cannot read until we know the alphabet and Nature holds our primer daily before us. Do not hawk Truth about to the careless crowd. Not because you belittle it, (that is impossible,) nor yet yourself, (that is immaterial,) but because you must hold fast in silence to all that you possess to support you in the tests of the future. Nor is Truth a nostrum to be forced down the unready throat. Thereby you disgust a man with Truth; who covets that responsibility? Ah, gentle hearts and virile minds! Are you wounded by the wantonness of those you long to save? These errors are perhaps their appointed teachers in your stead. Error is not exempt from the law! Can Love check a cyclone in mid career, or does Reason outrun the whirlwind? Desire has a lustier voice than yours. Let these errant ones wisely alone. Presently when success is at an ebb, or the complacent Ego is stung by pride or pain, they will hear the low plaint of the soul. Then, their state related to yours, they will turn to you as the heliotrope to the sun. Trust to the law of spiritual affinity. He for whom you have a thought will be attracted to you for it; he will in some way ask it of you. Distrust the intellect in these replies. Only the dwellers of the upper levels draw their thought crystal pure from the Fountain-head of Mind. Below, sympathy is the universal solvent; its ardent fusion welds mankind. Speak to me in our common language; it is that of the heart. You cannot so much as tie up a straying rosetree without sympathy. Try it, and the tender shoots are nipped as by a frost. Do you say that it is hard that you should not help others? Perhaps you only want to help them in your own way. The difference between loving a man for himself, and loving him for myself, is the difference between "heaven" and "hell." There is no hell but that which we create in our hearts, and selfishness is its yawning portal. Effort for Wisdom is help for all; he who thinks wisely does a deed of beneficence. Beneath generous yearnings lurks sometimes the wish that this "I," shall become influential or admired,

have clients and suitors in the anteroom. Lest I deceive myself I will mutely speed my good wishes to all. Only when we have learned how to preserve a wise silence, will the first stammerings of speech come to us. Speak then from your own knowledge, simply, without trying to adorn Truth. Many of our most valued writers are at times too transcendent, too erudite for us of the lower level. As the great orator or actor sees one face grow towards his from out the vast field of faces, and concentrating his burning purpose into that focus, sees streaming thence the homogeneous force which electrifies the throng,—so I would have each writer among you address his thought to some especial comrade within his mind, that you may drop this mantle of remoteness, and let us feel you tense and vibrant with helpfulness, pressing close to our side. The West needs a more ringing note than the mystic Orient mind. Let the spirit of your nation speak through your work and to your fellows every word will be an occult charm.

Why are we so impatient that we do not receive the accolade of accepted duty from those Royal Souls who proceed us on the Way? "They also serve who only stand and wait."[1] He who cannot wait contentedly may be sure he cannot serve. We must master the diurnal before we can overcome the spiritual. Some say that a heroic deed is easier than submission to pinpricks. We may survive Niagara when a drop of water per second on the brain is madness. Friends; the struggle for the Eternal is not one daring deed nor yet hundreds of them. It is a calm unbroken forgetfulness of the lower self for all time. Begin it on your present plane. You have within you the same guide that the Masters possess. By obeying It, they have become what they are. Hark! A voice resounds within. "Know thy true Self; it is thy guide." If the voice seems silent, it is perhaps because you ask with the mind only, which is a higher kind of curiosity. When a spiritual need cries out within you, the answer will come with a flash to the reverent listener. But in all the three worlds there is no power to save you but your own. When we have exhausted the possibilities of growth on our present plane, we rise naturally to a higher level. If here we find a Master, it is because we have come into the region where he dwells. Better than desiring to deserve is deserving to desire. Of this be sure. All that is rightfully yours will come to you. So reads the Law.

As a mountain climber leans forward, treads zig-zag, counteracting gravity and the air's resistance, so shall you walk with care. We do not know what moral resistance we arouse, what unseen evil lurks near, what stone our passage may loosen to fall on those below. We do not know the delicate adjustment of this aerial world. Keep eyes and mind fixed on the

1. Milton.

heights above, lest the yawning abyss from which you rose, attract you. Distrust your emotions, your thoughts above all. An insidious thought, like a traitor in the fortress, tends outward to the legions of evil and would deliver you up to them. Who knows where the ripples of a hasty thought may end? We are pledged by our theosophic vow to do naught that can dishonor our Society. What more dishonoring than unjust, angered or vagrant fancies which corrupt the atmosphere of others and may breed a moral pestilence. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."[1] Perhaps there are times when this is literally true. "If he does not love his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, Whom he hath not seen?" Pass this word along the line;—"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

You who are inclined to dispute these thoughts, do better; ignore them. They are a life experience, not meant for you who have it not, nor are you once named herein. They are true from one standpoint and for those upon the same plane. Hereafter all must alchemize virtues and vices alike. Be not discouraged at these necessary transitions; they do not convict you of radical error. Give me an unknown seed; its potentiality is a secret from me, but in faith I plant and tend it. As it waxes to the budding glories of branch and flower, and thrills with the fecund boon of fruitage, I am no whit the loser, and hidden at the root of this larger heritage, the same seed remains life bestowing and true. Thus Knowledge is not final; it must expand and germinate or it is but a dead thing. "Veil upon veil shall lift, but there shall be veil upon veil behind."[2]

Does he who writes thus always follow his own teachings? *No!* A hundred, a thousand times, no! Deluded, he climbs by devious paths and from the very brink of attainment, falls!

"Jove strikes the Titans down. Not when they set about their mountain piling, but when one stone more would complete the work."[3]

Then with toil and pain he rises and cons the chart once more. Beloved Brothers!—and there is nowhere one so lost, so estranged, so low or so great whom this name does not call—he will have received these blows to a benign purpose, if their teachings shall roll away a single stone from your upward path. J——.

1. Bible.
2. Light of Asia.
3. Browning.

Poetical Occultism.

SOME ROUGH STUDIES OF THE OCCULT LEANINGS OF THE POETS.

III.

Many will find in Whitman, the fullest measure of mystic truths, plainly and significantly stated, to be met with in any modern poet. For instance, a recognition of the reality of Reincarnation, and of its necessity, constantly recurs in his poems. Passages like these attest it: "Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years." Births have brought us richness and variety, and other births have brought us richness and variety." "And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths, (no doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.)" In contemplating an idiot he muses:

"And I knew for my consolation what they knew not,
I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother,
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,
And I shall look again in a score or two of ages,
And I shall meet the real landlord, perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself."

Are not the "agents," mentioned above, the operations of Karmic law? Among the last lines of the closing poem of his volume are the following:

"I receive now again of my many translations, from my avatars ascending, while others doubtless await me,
An unknown sphere more real than I dream'd, more direct, darts awakening rays about me, *So long!*
Remember my words, *I may again return.*"

Neither rhyme nor verse are essential to true poetry. Even words are but its vehicle, and not the poetry itself. Poetry is that manifestation of the mind which excites the imagination and arouses in responsive minds a sense of beauty. All that which does this is poetic in quality: that which does not, which awakens no response, leaving one cold and unimpressed, is prosaic. Poetry, therefore, possesses the rythmic quality, for beauty appeals to no sense, except through its power of producing rythmic action upon the brain through the nerves of sight, hearing, etc. Rythm is a product of harmonious vibration and produces the sensation of beauty by its play upon the nerves in a succession of reiterated, regular groups of impressions. All sensations of ugliness, etc., which are the causes of pain and disease, are due to the discordant impressions made by irregularity in the series of vibrations. Thus does strict mathematical law underlie all effects of beauty. All poetry is in some way rythmic, and arouses rythmic action.

The highest poetry is truth made manifest in the guise of beauty. Poets have often expressed in verse their feeling of the total inadequacy of words to present to others the sublimity and beauty of the thoughts which at moments occur to them. The poetic temperament is one which enables an approach to that state which some exalted men attain in perfection, and which is the ultimate destiny of the entire human race. The poet perceives fragments of the Divine thought as embodied in natural materials; he reads pages of the great book of Creation and interprets more or less clearly the significance of the symbols that exist on every hand in growing things, in things inanimate, in the waters and the heavens, and in the thoughts, sentiments, passions and emotions of men. In assuming the mental state which may be called the *poetic attitude*, he throws himself into rapport with his Higher self, his *atma*, and thus obtains a glimpse of the eternal truth, so much of which his memory retains as accords with his personality and with the nature of his mood; of this he incorporates in poetic form that which his power of expression enables him to give. Walt Whitman characterizes this state in his lines:

"I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the reasons of things,
They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen,
I cannot say to any person what I hear —I cannot say it to myself—it is very wonderful!"

The more unconscious one becomes of physical surroundings the more clearly does his mind act; its operations are attended with less friction. By withdrawing his attention from bodily environment he enters upon the plane of the higher consciousness. This accounts for the greater ease with which mental work proceeds after one has been engaged in it for some little time; it absorbs his attention so that the surrounding objects and circumstances no longer distract it. In other words, the mental machinery settles down to smooth running, after overcoming the various hitches and obstructions attending the starting of the train of thought. Everyone knows how earnest devotion to any object makes him oblivious to all else. Under such conditions one, in reality, loses consciousness and is merged in the object. Self, the illusory Self, simply consists in a sense of the existence of the body and the relations borne to it by surrounding objects.

Therefore, in concentration of the mind upon the object lies the true secret of power, and the man who best knows how to do this is the most powerful among his fellows. The best work is that done when one is least conscious of material environment. This accounts for remarkable examples of work done in a somnambulistic state when all consciousness of physical surroundings is lost, and the Self becomes so absorbed in the object that on returning to ordinary consciousness it cannot remember the process of its most perfect activity of thought. And yet people refuse to accept the truth

of Reincarnation because they cannot remember, in this gross physical state, their former existences through the intervening *Devachanic* periods when their consciousness was lifted to a plane above the thralldom of matter!

Whoever knows anything of ceremonial magic, whether practically or theoretically, recognizes the necessity of rythmic action, or the institutions of a regularly recurring set of vibrations. Many will testifiy to the marvels wrought by the earnest repetitions of a rythmic formula. It seems likely that the transfer of consciousness and the performance of phenomenal feats by Adepts are wrought by their command of some formula or method which enables them instantly and perfectly to achieve the harmonious condition of mental vibration crudely acquired by novices only by elaborate processes. The logical inference may be drawn that the purpose of the rythmic form of poetry is not only to arouse harmonious thoughts in the minds of hearers or readers, but is due to the fact that the poet, by subjecting his mind to a rythmic flow of thought, opens it to the reception of impressions from the highest source of thought. In the words "I nudge myself to listen" the poet strikingly and graphically depicts the effort to maintain his concentration of mind as he lies abstracted when he feels his attention slipping away from the sublime mysteries which, in the greatness of their wonder, are beyond his power to realize in any thoughts he may frame. Poets are often unconscious of the full greatness of the truths they reveal after the moment of their receptive state has passed, but they, perhaps, awake to a sense of the true significance of their words years after.

This concentration of mind is insisted on in the Hindu systems in many different ways. It is called by them Ekkragrata or *one-pointedness*. In the dialogues the expression is constantly used, and Krishna is said to say to Arjuna (in *Bagavad-Gita*). "Has thou listened to me with thy mind fixed on one point?" It is to bring about such a condition that practitioners of Hatha Yoga—which in English simply means any practice tending to develop psychical powers, such as mediumship and the like—prescribe that the Yogee shall sit with his sight concentrated upon the tip of his nose. And this practice, although scarcely commendable, has a scientific basis which shows that the much belittled Aryans had a wonderful fund of knowledge. The fixing of the eyes upon the tip of the nose puts the focus about three inches from the eyeball, and that produces first, concentration, because of the effort to remain fixed, and secondly, a hypnotic state in which trance results with psychic vision and the like. They prescribed it for another reason not likely to be admitted by our science; three inches from the eyes was said by them to be the clairvoyant point.

Our poet Whitman, whether he was aware of it or not, constantly enunciated the doctrine of Karma. In "Assurances," to be found in *Leaves of Grass*, he says:

I need no assurances. I am a man who is pre-occupied of his own soul;

I do not doubt that from under the feet and beside the hands and face I am cognizant of, are now looking faces I am not cognizant of, calm and actual faces.

I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the world are latent in any iota of the world.

I do not doubt I am limitless, and that the universes are limitless; in vain I try to think how limitless.

I do not doubt that the orbs and the systems of orbs play their swift sports through the air on purpose, and that I shall one day be eligible to do as much as they, and more than they.

I do not doubt that temporary affairs keep on and on millions of years.

I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors have their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice.

I do not doubt that the passionately-wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of young women and the deaths of little children are provided for.

(Did you think life was so well provided for, and Death, the purport of all life, not well provided for ?)

I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horror of them, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for to the minutest points.

I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time, is provided for in the inherences of things.

I do not think Life provides for all and for Time and Space, but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all.

Here he dwells upon the belief that all things are provided for. It would be error to say that he was a fatalist, just as it is a mistake to hold that the Mohammedan doctrine of "Kismet" is pure fatalism. Edwin Arnold in "Pearls of the Faith," enlarges on that pearl called *Al-Kadar*, in these words :

"When ye say *Kismet*, say it wittingly, O, true believers! under Allah's throne place is not left for those accursed three, 'Destiny,' 'Fortune,' 'Chance.' Allah alone ruleth his children : *Kismet* ye shall deem each man's alloted portion * * *"

And Whitman plainly states that the provision which is made for all the happenings is a provision existing "in the inherences of things," and not a fatalistic decree by an irresponsible Almighty.

He also says that he is limitless. This is the doctrine of the Upanishads. Everyone is limitless, for Ishwara, the Lord, dwells in the heart of every mortal being. Jesus also, said: "the kingdom of heaven is *within* you." Now the kingdom of heaven cannot be apart from God, so that the Nazarene herein says the same thing as the Upanishads.

Again, in the lines, "I do not doubt that interiors have their interiors, and exteriors have their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice," Whitman might be said to be taking the words from the mouths of those sages who in ancient India penned the Upanishads. In those it is incessantly insisted

that these interiors really are the Universal Self which is "the eye of the eye and the hearing of the ear." And a knowledge of that is the key to unlock the doors of glory and praise. As it is beautifully said in Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad:*

"This Self is the footstep of everything, for through it one knows everything. And as one can find again by footsteps what was lost, thus he who knows this finds glory and praise."

And further, "Therefore, now, also, he who thus knows that he is Brahman (the Self) becomes all this, and even the Devas cannot prevent it, for he himself is their Self."

S. B. J.

Apollonius and the Mahatmas.

[READ BEFORE THE MALDEN BRANCH, T. S.]

(*Concluded.*)

When Apollonius asked about the wise men whom Alexander the Great was said to have conquered and then held converse with, Phraotes said that they were the Oxydraks, a war-like people who claimed Wisdom though they knew nothing of consequence; the truly wise men dwelt between the Hyphasis and Ganges. Had Alexander gone thither he could not have conquered them, even with ten thousand Achilles and thirty thousand Ajaxes. "For they fight not in battle against advancing enemies, but being holy men, beloved by God, they repulse them through aerial apparitions and lightning flashes."

When Apollonius took his departure Phraotes gave him the following significant letter to the Brahmins:

"The King Phraotes greets his teacher Iarchas and the Wise men with him. Apollonius, the wisest of men, regards you as wiser than himself, and comes to learn from you. Let him not depart without knowledge of all which you yourselves know. For thus nothing of your wisdom will be lost; since no one speaks better than he, or has a truer memory. Let him also behold the throne whereon I sat when thou, Father Iarchas, gavest me my kingdom. His attendants also deserve praise for their attachment to such a man. Be thou happy. Be happy all of you."

When they came near the hill where the wise men dwelt their guide was filled with fear, for the Indians stood more in awe of these men than of their own King, and the King who ruled the land where they lived was accustomed to consult them about everything he said or did.

When near a village not a stadium from the hill, a youth approached

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**Bri-Up.* I. Adh., 4 Brah., 7.

them, blacker than any Indian, with a gleaming, moon-shaped mark between his eyebrows. He bore a golden anchor, which in India took the place of the Herald's staff. He addressed Apollonius in Greek, which did not astonish him, since all the dwellers in the village [a lamasary?] spoke that tongue, but it did astonish the others to hear their master called by name; Apollonius, however, it filled with confidence as he remembered the purpose of his journey. "We have come to men truly wise," he said to Damis, "for they have a fore-knowledge of things." Asking the youth what was to be done, he was told: "Those with you remain *here;* thou, however, shalt come just as thou art, for so *They* command. In this *They* Apollonius recognized Pythagorean language and he followed with joy.

In one of his conversations with the Egyptian Gymnosophists, years afterwards, Apollonius thus characterized the wise men of India: "I saw the Indian Brahmins who dwell upon the earth and not upon the earth; in a strong fortress though unfortified; and, without possessions, possessing everything." The deep, interior significance of this is evident to a Theosophist. Damis, in the matter-of-fact way often customary with him, also gives these words a literal interpretation, saying that they had their bed upon the earth and strewed the ground with herbs selected by themselves; he himself had seen them floating in the air two ells above the earth; not for hocus pocus—for they despised vain striving—but in order, by thus floating with the sun, to be near and pleasing unto the god. This was what was meant by "upon the earth and not upon the earth." The strong fortress, unfortified, meant the air in which they dwelt, for although they appeared to live under the open heaven, they spread a shadow over themselves, were not wet by the rain, and were in the sunshine whenever they wished. And since they obtained everything the moment they wished it, Apollonius rightly said that they possessed what they did not possess. "They wear their hair long, they bind a white mitra around their heads, their feet are bare. The form of their clothing resembles that of a sleeveless under-garment; the material is a wool produced by the earth of itself, white like the Pamphylian, but softer, and so fat that oil flows from it. Of this they make their sacred garments, and when another than these men seeks to gather this wool the earth will not release it. By the power of the ring and the staff which they bear every thing can be done, but both are kept as a secret." This personal description by Damis corresponds in certain particulars with what we are told of the Masters to-day. The account of the wool leads some commentators to believe that asbestos is meant.

Iarchas welcomed Apollonius in Greek and asked him for the letter from Phraotes; when Apollonius wondered at his gift of prescience he remarked that a *delta* was lacking in the letter, left out by mistake, and so it proved. After reading the letter Iarchas asked: "What dost thou think of us?"

And Apollonius replied : "As no other person in the land whence I came, as my journey hither shows."

"What makest thou think that we know more than thou dost?"

"I believe," answered Apollonius, "that your knowledge is deeper and much more divine."

Iarchas hereupon said : "Others are accustomed to ask the new comer whence he comes and for what purpose ; the first sign of our wisdom shall be this : that the stranger is not unknown to us. So then, test this:"

Hereupon he told Apollonius his history from father and mother down, what he had done in Aegæ, how Damis had come to him, what things of importance had happened on the way, etc. As Apollonius asked in surprise whence came that knowledge, Iarchas answered : "Thou also camest gifted with this wisdom, but not yet with all of it."

"And wilt thou teach me all thy wisdom?" asked Apollonius.

"By all means, and in ungrudging abundance, for this is wiser than miserly to conceal that which is worthy of knowing. Besides, Apollonius, I see thou hast been richly gifted by Mnemosyne, and she is the one among the gods whom we most love."

"Dost thou also behold," asked Apollonius, of what manner my nature is?"

"We see all peculiarities of the soul, for we know them by thousand-fold indications," replied Iarchas.

When mid-day came they rose in the air and did homage to the sun. The youth who bore the anchor was then told to go and provide for the companions of Apollonius. Swifter than the swiftest of birds he went and returned, saying : "I have provided for them." He was then commanded to bring the throne of Phraotes, and when Apollonius had seated himself thereon they continued their conversation. Iarchas told him to ask what he wished, for he had come to men who knew all things. Apollonius asked if they knew themselves, for he believed that they, like the Greeks, held knowledge of self to be difficult. But Iarchus answered with an unexpected turning : "We know all things, because first of all we know ourselves ; for no one of us can approach this wisdom without first attaining knowledge of self."

Apollonius asked further, what they held themselves to be?

"Gods," answered Iarchas.

"And wherefore?"

"Because we are good men."

Apollonius found so much wisdom in this saying that he made use of it in his speech of defence before the Emperor Domitian.

They talked about the soul and reincarnation, and Iarchas told him that the truth was "as Pythagoras taught you, and as we taught the

Egyptians." They spoke about the previous incarnation of Apollonius as steersman of an Egyptian ship, in which capacity he had refrained from following the inducements held out by pirates to let his vessel come into their hands.

Concerning this Iarchas said that refraining from unrighteousness did not constitute righteousness.

The King came to visit the Brahmins and a wonderful feast was prepared for him; everything came of itself: Pythian tripods, and automatic attendants of black bronze, the earth spread out herbs softer than beds to recline on, delicate viands appeared in orderly succession, etc. The accounts of these phenomena occasioned great remark during the subsequent career of Apollonius, and people would persist in mixing them up with the teachings of the master just as to-day they inextricably confound Madame Blavatsky's famous cup and saucer with Theosophy. But we are told that Apollonius did not concern himself with phenomena; when he saw these wonderful things he did not ask how they were done, nor to be taught to do them, but he contented himself with admiring them. And we are also told that the marvelous things he did were not accomplished through ceremonial magic, but through the perfection of his wisdom.

Damis was subsequently allowed to come to the Brahmins and when he asked about the composition of the world and the four elements they replied that there were five—the fifth being ether, which was to be regarded as the primal source of the gods.

"For everything that breathes the air is mortal; that which drinks the ether is immortal and divine," said Iarchas. He also said that the world was to be regarded as a living being of both sexes, having a more ardent love for itself than that of one person to another, being united and bound to itself. Damis learnt much from his intercourse with the Brahmins, but he wrote that at the secret discourses Apollonius was alone with Iarchas, and from there originated the four books written by the former. Iarchas, said Damis, gave Apollonius seven rings bearing the names of the seven planets, and Apollonius wore them one after the other according to the name of the day of the week.

The foregoing is an incomplete account of the remarkable journey and experience of Apollonius, as is necessitated by the limits of a brief article. Many passages of deep wisdom have had to be passed over, and many remarkable things are told, hard to understand, but which, there is reason to believe, have an occult significance. S. B.

TEACHINGS OF THE MASTER.

RECORDED BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "MAN: FRAGMENTS OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY."

Contd. from p. 256. (*Copyrighted.*)

The master walked beside the river at evening-time. In the instant that his signal was recognized he walked no longer alone. By his side appeared one—as a little child clinging close to his garmemts. The master said—"When you have obtained mastery over the senses then you will no longer totter in your step or falter in your flight. Realize the divine atma within you. Realize it!" he repeated, and then raising his hand slowly upward the stature of the child lengthened until a man's proportions were outlined. Only this form could hold the expanded soul. Disenthralled the soul perceived a world with every pulsation and in every faculty there was absolute harmony. This was divine. This is man's rightful condition into which only the Mahatmas have fully come; but to which every one is heir. The Mahatma teaches with the thought unexpressed, but formulated in his own mind and sent with sudden power, into yours. It strikes with resounding force against the spirit's prison house. In great agony the pupil cried out: "Master! Master! redeem me from this state with your great power." The Master answering said: "Burst by concentration of spiritual energy the bonds that bind you." No pen can describe the force of the Master's thought. For the instant it seemed possible; a moment's hesitation to make the effort through mortal fear, and the supreme moment was passed. The Master looked sadly upon his suffering disciple and then was alone again.

The latter had gone back to try again through duty—if need be through death.

THE LESSON.

The pupil goes to the Master without conditions. He goes, but not to return. The illusions of matter are dispelled for him and thenceforth he is a stranger in the world of actions, even though he should be in it again.

Fiery is the furnace of probation, and great is the danger when the neophyte has reached the "states of exaltation." About each advance step wait the enemies of the spirit—to overthrow its sovereignty and hurl it back to the plane of matter. These enemies live in matter and are persuaded that their existence is confined to it—hence their determination to keep matter from a knowledge of spirit. In darkness and sin is their safety, for they are children of these conditons and will cease to exist when the lamp that is lighted from within is turned upon the world.

Temptations are in the way of those who would *demand* much without *deserving* even a little. So soon as the student comes in contact with the occult

he encounters on the threshold the demons who loiter by—the demons of worldliness, inconstancy, suspicion and faint-heartedness.

The student should find in his own intuitions all the proof needed of the existence on this earth of the Wisdom teachers. Behind the screen of the senses reposes the soul of man—an unfathomable factor in the Universe—as unknown to its possessor as to its observers. Intuition is its only avenue of communication, aud the language it speaks is known only to him who understands arcane knowledge or occultism.

When the Master has initiated his pupil he puts the seal of the mysteries upon his lips and locks them even against the chance of weakness or indiscretion.

It is the sense of personal isolation that brings on death; genuine philanthropy puts the individual *en rapport* with the *Divine Spirit* and thus gives him the eternal life. The Divine Spirit being all-pervading, those who put themselves *en rapport* with it, necessarily put themselves *en rapport* with all other entities in the same *rapport*. Hence, the Mahatmas are necesarily in constant magnetic relation with those who succeed in extricating themselves from the lower animal nature. It is by this means that the Mahatmas must first be known.

Until the Master chooses you to come to Him be with humanity, and unselfishly work for its progress and advancement. This alone can bring true satisfaction.

What is a Mahatma? Is it His physical body? No; for that must perish sooner or later—though it can be preserved through what is to us an endless age. A Mahatma is one who lives in His higher individuality, and to know Him truly, He must be known through the individuality in which He is centered.

Knowledge increases in proportion to its use—that is, the more we teach the more we learn. Therefore, seeker after Truth, with the faith of a little child and the *will* of a Initiate give of your store to him who hath not wherewithal to comfort him on his journey. A whisper of the divine mystery into the ear of a weary wayfarer frees you from the stain of many evil deeds done in your migrations through matter. Philosophy can never be learned through phenomena. Try to break through the desire for it. Occult students the world over have been warned by their teachers that it is a habit which grows with gratification. It is better to abandon the study than to risk the dangers of black magic.

What is Self? Only a passing guest, whose concerns are all like a mirage of the great desert. Man is the victim of his surroundings while he lives in the atmosphere of society. The Mahatma may be willing to befriend such as he has an interest in, and yet be helpless to do so The *will of the neophyte*, also, must be the magnet which alone can compel a Mahatma's

notice. He follows his attractions as the needle does the poles. Will and Purity—these are the qualities which open the arcane to the presence of an adept—mere enthusiastic regard has no effect.

Feeble souls content themselves with wishes; great ones have *wills*.

In every man lie concealed the germs of faculties that are never unfolded on earth, and which have no reference to this state of knowledge.

No man can judge another, save by the measure of his own understanding: do not injure your own chance for growth by condemning in others the possession of faculties not known to yourself.

Thought runs swifter than the electric fluid; every bright aspiration sparkles and attracts the attention of the distant, but ever-watchful Master.

"Lay your burden upon the Lord"—that is, put your reliance in the Higher Self. Use the body as a means of strengthening the connection with the spirit and opening the road for its descents.

Slay Ambition: it is a deadly and cowardly foe, whose power over you is augmented by the approbation of others.

It is Karma that sends you into this world—to which you come alone—that leaves you alone in it and which takes you out of it alone. The law of Karma is the law of the conservation of energy on the moral and spiritual planes of nature.

The body is the mind's portrait. The artist seeing its inharmonies regrets his failure, but knows not how to improve upon it. This is the spirit's work, which, accomplished, leaves the outward a reflection of the indwelling Soul.

The manna that feeds the spirit is hidden from sight. The universal spirit supplies it.

Duty is the River that flows through life. Its tide is silvery to those who are on it, but threatening to those who approach it seldom.

Seek to recover your soul. It is the hidden treasure lost in the caverns of sense. Its recovery is redemption from many rebirths.

The vain and the arrogant demand our pity—the weak and erring our forbearance—the indifferent our sympathy—and the wise, alone, our admiration.

You have learned of Krishna that death is better than the performance of another's duty. In persevering in the erroneous idea that we were put here to do the duties of others, woes have resulted that follow one through many lives.

Your perception of the inner self is clearer than the vision of the natural eye.

Earnestly regard the plane upon which you seek truth, do not expect to secure soul knowledge through the avenues of the senses.

Karma is like the vine that gathers strength through uninterrupted years,

and which fastens its tendrils so closely that it is as strong as the structure to which it adheres. There is no way to destroy its power except by the separation of the parts, these parts renew themselves in other forms of life, but the structure is freed when its root is destroyed.

Evil thoughts corrode the character. Only the spirit has power over character to purify it.

We carry the accumulated results of many lives from one to another. This is the clue to the perfect fairness of nature. The apparent injustice of all differences of well-being are explained by the fact that we have known former states of existence. Every spiritual effort now made will tell not only now, but in the next incarnation as well.

The clue to many of the great mysteries of life is to be found in reincarnation; it is the only possible solution of the enigmas of existence.

The rule of the Mahatma is to approach every one where there exists even only the slightest glimmer of the true Light within him. None are left to perish who desire to be succored.

We write in every aspiration for truth, in thought and deed by day, and in soul-struggles by night, the story of our desire for spiritual development. Upon the pages of the Book of Karma are written the minutest particulars of individual efforts: when the feeble will is strong enough to prevent further births in this world, which is the spirit's dream life, we shall find in Real existence all the chapters that we have written in all our transitions. Only then will we be able to read the whole book through and know the nature of the long journey out of spirit through matter and back again to the All.

The conflict of intuition against intellect has covered mankind in the crumbling ruin of despair. Man will never surrender himself to be the permanent vehicle of any set of ideas unless it completely satisfies the whole of his nature; the union of intellect and intuition only will end the conflict.

Take what you can of the teachings, and in developing devotion keep before you your example—THE TEACHER.

THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY.

[*Concluded from the July Number.*]

"The music of the spheres" is not a mere figure of speech, but an actuality.

The Soul of the World has its central Sun whose life throbs pulsate throughout immensity. If we study the phenomena and conditions of either crystallization or organization we shall find that every atom in the vast universe is set to music. There is the pean of life, and the dirge of death, the major and the minor key. The rythm is the same whether

in the ebb or flow of life, but the serried columns march in opposite directions. The Unity lies back of all phenomena in the infinite ocean, the universal solvent, as the crystal lies latent, potential, unmanifested, in the solution of salt. So all things exist potentially in the ether. The real form of everything is perfect, essential, divine. Only the effigy appears with ebb and flow; with swell and cadence like martial music. Only in the Garden of the Gods can the perfect flower and fruit appear. There is but one approximation to perfect form to be apprehended by mortals—the Sphere—and even this is ideal or geometrical, not actual. The dimensions of space pertain to objects: objects exist in time, and the essence of time is motion.[1] Imagine the intelligence of man posited in an ocean of Ether, a thinking principle, without form or extension, and the fallacy of space as generally conceived becomes manifest, and disappears. Matter, space, time, and motion, these pertain to outwardly manifested existence. Read backward the genesis of crystal, plant, animal or man, and one plan, one basis is discovered in all.

"*Out from the shore of the great unknown*" come trooping these effigies of diviner being, these shapes of diviner forms. In the beginning was the Word, the Fiat has gone forth. Listen O! man to the music of Bath Col the voice of thine own soul. Adonai speaks. If thou art *conscious*, His voice is *conscience*. It is the memory of the voice of God in fields elysian, thy former divine abode. Thou mayest involve in thy life on earth thine Augoeides, "being of light," a "gleaming brightness." This is thy holy mission, the meaning of thy human shape, thy manly powers, thy subtle intellect, thy holy intuitions. These are but the seed of larger life, the bird of promise. The unfolded flower shall be thy highest aspiration, thy holiest wish, and its ripened fruit shall bear thee to the garden of the gods, with knowledge and power as thy servants. Ask but thine own soul, counsel with thy better self, and if thou findest not within the silence the answering voice, then return to thy wallowing in the mire, and the husks which the swine do eat, rather than to thy *father's house* which thou hast made, and will henceforth continue to make a den of thieves, at best, a whited sepulchre.

Now let us read the Tablet of Hermes, bearing in mind the fact that man is an epitome of the universe, thus actually or potentially containing all that is, and if he knows how to read and to unfold his own nature, powers and possibilities, he may read thereby the universe, unfold its laws, comprehend its plan, and if he be master of himself, thus revealed to his understanding, his powers shall be co-extensive with knowledge. He shall possess the MASTERS' WORD.

1 "We take no notice of time save by its loss" *i. e.* its passage or motion.

This tablet is printed in full in September *Path* at p. 167.

The reader is referred to *Isis Unveiled* for explanation of the Azoth to which, on the physical plane, the tablet refers,[1] and I might say in passing, that those who complain that the Brothers closely guard occult secrets, will do well, even at this late day, to *read Isis Unveiled.* There are several matters contained in those two volumes which the careless reader, and complaining "theosophist" has possibly overlooked. In fact there is less concealment in all occult matters than the ignorant and time-serving suppose. There can be no better safe-guards to Royal Secrets, than ignorance and defective vision, for which defects there is no surgery or remedy outside ourselves.

"God saith, Let the man endued with a *mind*, mark, consider, and *know himself well.* * * And before they give up their bodies to the death of them, they hate their senses, knowing their works and operations.

"Rather I, that am the mind itself, will not suffer the operations or works, which belong to the body, to be finished and brought to perfection in them, but being the *Porter* and *Doorkeeper* I will shut up the entrances of evil, and cut off the thoughtful desires of filthy works.

"But to the foolish, and evil, and wicked, and envious, and covetous, and profane, I am far off, giving place to the revenging demon * *

"For the sleep of the body is the sober watchfulness of the mind, and the shutting of my eyes, the true sight, and my *silence* great with child; and full of good, and the pronouncing of my words the blossoms and fruits of good things."[2]

"Wherefore we must be bold to say that *an earthly man is a mortal god, and that the heavenly God is an immortal Man*[3]."

Compare with this the following from the writings of Plato:

"He who has not even a knowledge of common things, is a brute among men; he who has an accurate knowledge of human concerns alone, is a man among brutes; but he who knows all that can be known by intelligent inquiry is a god among men."

In these brief and imperfect outlines enough has been given to show the thoughtful student, the agreement of the Hermetic doctrines with the teachings of Theosophy, indeed, any real progress in the comprehension of the one, may be taken as a key to the other. These, together with the teachings of the Kabala, are but different forms of the *Secret Doctrine*; none of them are to be fully apprehended by the intellect alone; but only when the mind is *illuminated* by the light of understanding, and the process by

1 *Isis Unveiled*, vol. 1, p. 507, *et seq.*

2 Pymander, p. 33, et seq, edition of 1650.

3 IV Book, p 60.

which this illumination is to be achieved, through diligent inquiry, unselfish work, and repression of the senses, appetites and passion, has been often pointed out, and is found repeated and reiterated in all these writings. If any, therefore, are disposed to complain that they are left to grope in darkness, they have no one to blame but themselves. To the conscientious student, the constant wonder is at the richness of the feast spread out on every hand.

Like a beautiful landscape to the blind, or music to the deaf, are the pages of wisdom to the ignorant and selfish. Eyes have they but they see not, ears have they but they hear not, and so long as they are joined to their idols they may as well be let alone. But to the earnest disciple, to the true seeker of *The Path* these are the everlasting verities: let them run and not be weary, walk and not faint, seek, and they shall *surely find*, desire, and they shall attain, knock, and the door of knowledge shall open, obey, and they shall in turn command, labor, and they shall obtain rest.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.
'Tis living and serving
The highest and best,
'Tis *onward unswerving*,
And this is true rest."

B.

Tea Table Talk.

Thought Transference and Dreams.

Have you ever noticed the swiftness of thought transference in cases where the thinker is not consciously projecting his thought to another mind? The writer had lately a notable instance of this. I was seated at the breakfast table, thinking over an order from The Path which had come the night before. It was an order for "1000 words on dreams, etc." and not being such stuff as dreams are made of, I pondered intently albeit silently:—"Where the deuce am I to get any authentic dreams?"

"*Mr. Julius, do you like dreams?*"

So spoke a clear young voice at my elbow. It was the voice of Sue. I am not qualified to judge whether Sue is a child or a girl. She is, however,

an embodiment of that young America who rules these United States from Atlantic coast to Pacific wave, and although a bachelor, I respect her accordingly. Sue represents my possible fate.

"*Dreams!*" I stammered. "What do you know about dreams?"

"Me? Why I have 'em. Lots! But only the horrid kind, you know."

I venture to ask, most respectfully, what she calls "the horrid kind."

"The kind you can't remember, so's to tell 'em and scare the girls. All mixed up, you see." Here Sue snaps down the lid of the maple syrup cruet with an air which indicates that the subject is closed. But I venture on. I fear Sue a trifle less than I do my Editor and his demand for contracted copy.

"What made you think of dreams just now, Sue, if you please?"

"Oh! I don't know. They just came spang into my head. Perhaps you were thinking about them."

"Why, my child! You do not mean to say that you believe in thought transference!"

"What's that? Some nonsense! What I mean is that when I'm thinkin' 'bout somethin,' an 'I don't want the other girls to talk about it, I put it out of my head, quick,—(another hot cake, please,) so they won't get it into their heads too. They always do, unless. Understand?"

I did indeed. "Verily out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceed the words of wisdom."

This to myself of course. What I said aloud was merely, "I should like to hear a real good dream this minute, a true one."

Sue gives her head that capable toss. "Why didn't you ask me? You people always think children don't know anything. Guess you've changed your mind since you were a child. Anyhow, Mrs. D. was tellin' it t' Sister an' some ladies, and it gives your blood a lovely curdle."

Here Sue settled herself in her chair and gave herself up with gusto to the joy of curdling my blood. Making careful inquiry afterward, I found true, in all its details, the dream which I now give to my readers.

Mrs. D. was at her country place. She dreamed one night that she rose, and walking to her window looked out upon the familiar scene just then lit by the moon. To her surprise she noticed persons walking two by two across the lawn towards her; then more people, many of whom she knew. As she watched this procession, there came finally a hearse driven by a boy. He stopped the ghastly vehicle under her window, and raising a scarred face on which the moonbeams played, he called out; "*Are you ready?*" Mrs. D. shrieked and awoke, to find herself in bed and the sport of a dream, but telling it afterwards to her family she remarked; "If ever I were to see that boy, I should know him by the awful scars on his face."

Some time afterward this lady was standing in a hotel corridor, waiting

for the lift. As it rose slowly into view, she was attracted by the head of the boy running it: "Where have I seen that head?" was her thought, and so puzzling, she delayed to step into the waiting lift. Just as she moved forward and entered, the boy turned his face towards her saying: "*Are you ready?*" and she saw again those great scars, and across her inner vision moved that slow funereal scene. Sickened, startled, she felt an impulse of escape, and profited by the stoppage of the lift at the next floor to get off, instead of continuing to a higher floor, as she had proposed. She paused a few moments to recover herself, and to reason with herself as well, when suddenly a horrible crash was heard; then a *dead silence;* afterward the murmur of excited voices. The machinery had broken, the lift had fallen to the ground floor, and every person in it had been killed. As I thought over this strange story, the decided young voice streamed on: "Do you know, Mr. Julius, they were discussing it at dinner, and I heard some quite stylish people say they believed it was God Himself warning her. Fancy! They weren't church people of course."

Humanity is divided by Sue into two classes. Class 1. Members of The Protestant Episcopal Church. Class. 2. Heathen. She finds this very convenient. So, I doubt not, do many older persons.

"And what do you think it was, my child?"

"Me? Oh, well! I just think it was her soul, somehow, Mr. Julius! Why do you stare at me like that? I do believe you know something about it! Nobody will ever tell me. Put down your coffee cup, its spilling all over your beard, and tell me straight off all you know about our souls."

But here the Skye terrier comes bouncing in, and offers himself for dissection instead. Nevertheless, I know a few people, (and I fancy THE PATH knows scores more) who expect you to tell between the roast and the relevé, all that is known about the soul. Go instead to the children, question their fresh instincts, their curious methods, their habitual impulses and freaks, above all, their *esprit de corps*, and what you learn about occultism from these still plastic minds will surprise you. It has me!

JULIUS.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

This story was told me by my step-father about an uncle of his.

The uncle was large, broad-shouldered, loved fun, and yet had strange pre-occupied ways. He was fond of playing strange tricks upon the little ones, and was known by them all as: "the—queer uncle."

Indeed he did not confine his experiments wholly to the small folks.

One evening he came into the sitting-room where his sister was, his face pale, with great drops of perspiration upon it, and his whole body shaking as with ague. She asked him what the matter was, and then said

she was glad if he who had been frightening other people all his life, was really frightened himself. It was sometime before he could speak. At last he said he would tell her what had happened as well as he could.

He went into the woods and found a large tree (Beach, I think) standing alone.

Having tied his handkerchief around it, he placed his back against the tree and took so many paces in a straight line away from it. Then without looking towards the tree he walked three times around it—keeping the circle as nearly as possible. The night was very calm with a beautiful full moon.

After he had been round it once, there appeared to be no change. The second time the wind began to blow, and before he had completed the third circuit, the moon was overcast and the wind blew a gale. When he had reached the point, for the third time, from which he first started, he turned and faced the tree. Soon the wind ceased to blow, and the moon shone clear. Then, coming in an opposite direction, he saw a young lady approaching the tree.

She walked directly to it, untied the handkerchief and brought it to him and then disappeared on the spot. Upon concluding his narrative he said if ever he should meet that girl he should know her. The moonlight fell upon her face so that each feature was distinctly visible.

Six months later business called him to another town. While waiting in the parlor of the Hotel, before being called to dinner, the lady he had seen in the forest walked into the room.

Sometime after he obtained an introduction, and eventually became engaged. One day while discussing different matters, he told her of his singular experience in the woods.

"Why" said she "at that very time I had a most singular feeling, and fainted." Her mother was appealed to and corroborated the fact. She said she was unconscious for such a length of time they thought her dead.

The day of the month and the hour corresponded exactly with the time the lady untied the handkerchief and brought it to him in the forest.

F. C.

Reviews and Notes.

The Theosophist for October is a notably good number of that admirable magazine. Madame Blavatsky contributes the leading article, "Ancient Magic in Modern Science," the reading of which makes us eager for the publication of her "Secret Doctrine," the first volume of which, we learn, will soon be ready for publication.

Mohini M. Chatterji contributes a short article on "Mother Ganga," and his strong tale, "Sowing and Reaping," is concluded.

Maurice Fredal writes of Apollonius of Tyana, anent Mr. Tredwell's valuable book on the Master. It is a "coincidence" that the October

numbers of both *The Theosophist* and THE PATH should contain articles on Apollonius, the two complementing each other. It has been said that the teachings of Apollonius will have much to do in the new religion which is destined to become the leading faith of the world.

Col. Olcott has a highly interesting article on "Phantom Pictures in the Astral Light," in which the various traditions of "The Flying Dutchman" are given prominence, and mention is made of a phantom ship seen from the man-of-war which carried the two sons of the Prince of Wales on their voyage around the world.

Two articles of this issue are contributed from Chicago—a thoughtful essay on "Theosophy and Theosophists" by M. M. Phelon, and "A World-Old Story Still Unlearned," by M. L. Brainard, the Secretary of the Chicago Branch; an allegory that will take, and repay, much pains to discover its true significance. "Some Hypnotic Experiments" is a valuable scientific article, and Miss L. S. Cook's ideas "On Prayer" will probably meet approval among all Theosophists, who object only to the common forms of prayer, such as those designed to be "heard of men" like the prayers offered up in churches, and also the requests of people for divine favors which they have done nothing to merit.

The Unpublished Writings of Eliphas Levy, a mine of occult information, are continued, and an article on Raj Yoga will be appreciated by students of Indian philosophy.

MADAME BLAVATSKY: INCIDENTS IN HER LIFE. Edited by A. P. Sinnett. (*London, 1886.*) Price, $3.00. These memoirs are of absorbing interest, containing as they do authentic narratives written by the relatives and friends of Madame Blavatsky. They are divided into ten chapters, beginning with her childhood and ending with the present time when she rests in sickness in Germany, and bristle with stories of the most extraordinary character. Read in connection with the first article in the present number of this magazine, they become of greater interest. At page 257 Mr. Sinnett says she was not able to forsee the annoyances in the future. But we think she could see those quite clearly, and therein lay one of her constant trials: that she might see those troubles to come and yet refrain from trying to avert them. Inquirers can purchase the book through THE PATH.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We beg to announce that with this date we sever our partnership. THE PATH *henceforth will be the exclusive property and under the sole management of Mr. William Q. Judge.*

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
ARTHUR H. GEBHARD.

New York, Dec. 1, 1886.

"There is a living creature in heaven which by day has "Truth" upon its forehead, by which the angels know it is day; but in the evening it has "Faith" on its forehead, whereby the angels know that night is near."—*From the Kabbalistic book, Kitzur-Sh'lh, fol. 42, col. 2.*

OM!